

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

**five times richie  
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him (and the one**

**eddiefuckinkaspbrak**

**five times richie told eddie he was going to marry him  
(and the one time he actually asked) by  
eddiefuckinkasprak**

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**Summary:**

(based off of number 21 of my prompt thing on Tumblr.

I'm going to marry you one day)

## **five times richie told eddie he was going to marry him (and the one time he actually asked)**

### *1. nine years old*

Eddie Kaspbrak was nine years old when he first met Richie Tozier. It was his first day of school and he was sitting at the back of classroom, his utensils sitting neatly in front of him. The other students had filed in, each one giving him a look but not bothering to speak to him, that is until a whirlwind entered the room in a form of a young boy with dark curly hair and coke bottle glasses.

The boy plumped himself on to the spare seat next to Eddie and gave him a smile that Eddie couldn't help but return. The boy held out his hand, intending on shaking Eddie's own, but the teacher called the class to pay attention to the front. The boy pouted but faced the front as the rest of the class settled down.

"Good morning class. Before we start I just want to introduce you to our new student, Eddie Kaspbrak, I hope you make him feel as welcome as possible!" She turned her attention to her desk to start preparing for the day and the boy, turned back to Eddie a large smile on his face.

"Richie Tozier, nice to meet you Ed's!" Eddie scowled at the nickname and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Don't call me that, my name is Eddie," Eddie was pouting, he knew it but he'd never been called anything other than Eddie his whole life and he wasn't familiar with the feeling he got when Richie called him 'Eds'.

Richie leaned a little closer towards him, a wide grin on his face as his hands came up and pinched his cheeks, "Cute cute cute! You're so cute Eddie Spaghetti"

Eddie's face was heating up at the words and he couldn't think of a response that wouldn't make him look and sound like an idiot. So he kept quiet and concentrated on his workbook.

Richie next to him however didn't like silence and so he leaned over so he could whisper into Eddie's ear, "I think we'd be cute friends Eds, what do you think?" His fingers were tapping away at the desk and Eddie nodded his head a few times, earning him an award winning smile from Richie. "Oh Eds! ***I am so going to marry you one day!***"

Eddie's face remained a dark red for the remainder of the class.

## *2. fourteen years old*

Ever since that day, Eddie and Richie were as close as two people could be. Richie introduced Eddie to his friends Bill, Stan, Beverly and Mike, and then when Ben came along he joined into their group. They called themselves 'The Losers Club' because that is exactly what they were, a bunch of losers who were also best friends. Eddie and Richie had a different type of relationship however, they were comfortably close with each other, holding hands, snuggling up against each other when they watched a movie and always pairing up for class projects.

Right now found them laying back on a blanket by the quarry. The other losers were all scattered around the area, chatting amongst themselves but Eddie was sleepy, so he had crawled over to where Richie was sprawled out over a blanket and curled up against him. Richie was also drifting off, his breathing slow and steady as he wrapped an arm around Eddie's shoulders keeping him close. They lay in comfortable silence for a while until Eddie heard Richie's soft snores, signalling that the older boy had fallen asleep.

When Eddie was close to falling asleep himself, Richie shifted their positions so his mouth was pressed up against Eddie's ear, which made him flush down to his toes. It was nothing new that Eddie had been thinking about Richie in a more than friend, but he would never ever say anything. He wouldn't want to ruin their friendship. Eddie thought that Richie had fallen back asleep when his hairs suddenly stood up as Richie whispered into his ear.

"M' gonna marry the fuck outta you Eds," his voice was soft, thick with sleep and Eddie realised that Richie was dreaming, his eyes widening. Eddie didn't reply, too afraid to disturb him so he just

snuggled closer and closed his eyes.

Eddie didn't bring it up to Richie.

### 3. *eighteen years old*

Eddie's fists slowly released their grip they had on the white bedding, Richie towering over him with a warm smile on his face as he washed both their stomachs down. His hand reached out and around Richie's neck, pulling him down into a soft kiss, very different to the other kisses they had shared that evening.

They'd been in a romantic relationship with one another for exactly a year now and Eddie was almost radiating with happiness. A year previously, a few days after Eddie's seventeenth birthday, Richie had come knocking on his window, a shy smile on his lips and a guitar in his hand. Once he had Eddie sitting comfortably on his bed, he sat crossed legged on the floor and started strumming the opening chords to Toto's *Africa*. This song had become associated with them after Richie pulled Eddie into the corridor during homecoming and slow danced with him, the song playing in the background. By the time Richie had finished the song, Eddie's eyes were brimmed with tears and he was so close to breaking down when Richie stood up and closed the distance between them, kissing him softly on the lips.

That was a year ago. Right then, at that moment, the boys were slowly coming to terms that they had just sealed the deal on their relationship in the most intimate way possible. Eddie's heart was still beating fast against his ribcage as he slowly pulled back from the kiss, resting his forehead against his boyfriends. Richie closed his eyes, breathing in the moment of pure content, something that they rarely had with how hectic their lives had been over the past few months.

Luckily they were both accepted into the same college as each other.

Richie slowly opened his eyes, staring into Eddie's brown ones with what Eddie could only describe as pure love. His lips parted and he leaned over to whisper in Eddie's ear, making him shudder, "I'm going to marry you Eddie, one day."

Eddie shoved him off the bed with a giggle, face flushed.

#### *4. twenty one years old*

It was Richie's twenty first birthday and Eddie had arranged for all of the losers to fly out to California to spend the weekend getting drunk and catching up with each other. However, since Eddie was the last of the losers to turn twenty-one he was the only one remaining sober during their night out. As the cab came to a stop outside their apartment, Richie giggled, gripping onto Eddie's arms as he helped him up the stairs, yelling a goodnight to the others, who were heading back to the hotel. They would have stayed at their apartment, but it just simply wasn't big enough.

Eddie rolled his eyes as Richie mumbled off joke after joke, impression after impression until he finally let him drop onto their bed. He made quick word of stripping Richie of his party clothes, ignoring the sexual comments leaving Richie's lips. Once Eddie had got Richie into decent nightwear he laid him down on the bed and pulled the covers around him before heading to get changed himself.

He was sure that Richie would have passed out by the time he came back to the bedroom, so it took Eddie by surprise when he walked back into the room, to find Richie wide awake, sitting up as though he was waiting for him. It turned out he was, as his face lit up in a dopy, drunken smile when he saw Eddie, "Eds! Light of my life! Owner of my heart!"

Eddie walked over to the bed and went to push Richie back onto his back so he could go to sleep when Richie grabbed his hand, looking at him with as much of a serious expression as one could muster when they were so wasted. Eddie tilted his head to the side, "What's wrong Rich?"

"Eds, baby," he leaned closer and Eddie could smell the vodka that Bev had been getting him to shot, making his nose scrunch up. Before he could comment, Richie continued. "I love you so much Eddie Spaghetti. You are so amazing, I'm so...lucky to have you." Eddie's face was flushed red, like it usually did when Richie complimented him. However he wasn't finished. "Eds, baby, my love. Marry me?"

Eddie's whole body froze up a little and he blinked, leaning forward to kiss him on the forehead. "Ask me again in the morning."

He didn't.

### *5. Twenty one years old.*

After Richie's drunken proposal, Eddie found it more difficult *not* to imagine a life where he was married to him. They'd been together for five years now and true, they were still young but in those five years the only real fight they had was when Richie left the toothpaste cap off and it had gone all disgusting around the edge of the tube. Eddie wanted to marry Richie, but he was just too damn scared to ask him himself.

So when his mother had called to say his aunt was getting married and he had to fly home to attend, he felt, for the first time, the green eyes monster of jealousy.

He'd taken Richie as his date of course, flying over to the east coast to attend the wedding. It was a glamorous affair with a live band and very expensive finger food and champagne being handed out to the guests. Eddie watched Richie with a confused look as he declined the third offered glass of alcohol, usually, when he had to be in the same room as Eddie's mother he'd drink as much as he could, but not tonight.

"Are you alright Richie?" Eddie asked as he took a brief sip from his own glass, the same one he'd been nursing all night. Eddie wasn't big on alcohol, never really had been, and even though he was legally allowed to consume it, he chose not to.

"Nothing, Eddie Spaghetti, I'm just dandy," Richie replied and offered his hand out as a slow song began to play. Eddie smiled and accepted Richie's hand, letting him be pulled out onto the dance floor and into Richie's arms. They swayed slowly in time with the music, Eddie's head resting on top of Richie's shoulders. His eyes caught sight of his aunt and her new husband as they danced and he let out a sigh. Richie must have caught on as he too, looked up at the couple as smile appearing on his face as he leaned down. "Hey, don't worry Eds, that'll be you and me soon enough."

Eddie almost choked on his drink but before he could ask what Richie meant by that he was taking his hand and pulling him from the dance floor and out of the hotel lounge.

+ 1

“Richie, Richie where are we going?” Eddie asked as Richie kept a grip on his hand, pulling him along the pavement, heading towards an unknown destination. It wasn’t until the building came into view that Eddie realised they were at Derry Elementary.

His frown deepened as Richie opened the door’s at the entrance of the school, *why weren’t they locked?*, and lead him into a familiar classroom. It was the same classroom that Eddie and Richie had met for the first time. Richie slowed to a stop as he reached the back table and pulled out Eddie’s old seat, pushing his shoulders down so he would sit.

“I woke up that day, thinking it would be just a normal day at Derry Elementary. That I’d go to school, hang out with some friends, come home and watch some TV before going to sleep. How I was so wrong, because that day was the day I met my best friend, and even though we are so much more than that now, you are still my best friend Eds,” Richie’s voice cracked and Eddie’s eyes were filling with tears as he continued. “Now, if you can cast your mind back, I said something to you that day. I told you that I’d marry you some day. I just knew I would, and you know me, I’m never one to go back on my word.” With those words he pulled out a simple band from his back pocket and knelt down on the floor in front of Eddie, taking his hand in his.

“Richie...” Eddie choked out but Richie held up a finger.

“Let me finish, please,” he whispered and Eddie nodded, signalling for him to go on. “I love you, I have always loved you, and I am also sorry for proposing to you whilst I was wasted, that wasn’t cool of me. It also wasn’t cool of me to pretend I’d forgotten. I just- I wanted you to have something so special that you could remember. Not some shitty proposal from me whilst I was either drunk or hungover. This- this was a much better plan,” his hands were shanking and he squeezed Eddie’s as though to calm him down. “So, Eddie Kaspbrak,

my love, will you marry me?"

Eddie didn't even wait a moment before his head was nodding up and down frantically, a *yes* spilling out of his lips as he lunged himself at Richie, at his *fiancé*, causing them to land on the floor limbs all tangled together. "Yes, yes, yes. Of course I will. I love you so much."

Richie wasted no time, pressing his mouth to Eddie's in a soft, yet passionate kiss, his hand fumbling to slide the ring onto his finger where it belonged. Once it was secure, and their mouths had pried away from each other, Eddie looked down to take a proper look, his eyes widening in awe. "Do you like it?" Richie asked, nerves evident in his voice.

Eddie looked up at him, tears pooling in his eyes and he nodded firmly, "Richie, it's *perfect*."

And it was.

#### **Author's Note:**

My Tumblr is either

@it-and-strangerthings-prompts      or      @reddies-spaghetti

I take prompts on either!

Thank you for reading! <3